I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In ſharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like ſubiects,
Yet that by you depoſd, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight?

Qu. Ma. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a ſonne thou oweſt vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence:
The ſorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curſe my noble father laide on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers frow his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.

Qu. So juſt is God to right the innocent.

Haſt. O twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported,

Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buc. Northumberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.

Qu. Ma. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes loſſe, my woefull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwer for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your King.
As our by murder, to make him a King.

Edward thy ſonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my ſon, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violences,
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glory, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riuers and Dorſet, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo was thou Lord Haſtings, when my ſonne
Was ſtabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.

Qu. M. And leaue out thee? ſtay dog, for thou ſhalt heare me,
If heauen haue any greeuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traytors whilſt thou liueſt,
And take deepe traytors for thy deareſt friends,
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whilſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie womb,
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercy: for I had thought